

# When I Gets Out In No-Man's Land

(I CAN'T BE BOTHER'D WITH NO MULE)

Words & Music By  
WILL E. SKIDMORE  
& MARSHALL WALKER  
*Writers of*

No. 1: "Pray For The Lights"  
No. 2: "Long, Tall, Brown-skin Gal"  
No. 3: "Somebody's Done Me Wrong"



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No 3. "SOMEBODY'S DONE ME WRONG"

**Modto**

**f**

**VAMP**

**p**

Old Dea-con John-son left his con-gre-ga-tion one day..... to  
Says Dea-con John-son just sup-pose that mule was a-long..... the

help his coun-try fight..... He said he want-ed to be sent to France right a-way cause he  
one I is to ride..... Them Boch-es take a no-tion to come ten thou-sand stroug don't you

know'd his Un-cle Sam was right..... They put him on a mule that pulled the can-nons a-round says  
see there aint no chance to hide..... I know I'd have a fight-in' chance to make my es-cape if

this is where you ride..... Says he I'd rath-er do my fight-in' on the ground when we  
I was on the ground..... But with a mule I know I'd have to hes-i-tate tryin' to

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TALKING MACHINE

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reach the oth-er side..... I want a good fair chance...when we gets out in France...  
drag that mule a - round..... I craves to get a Hun..... al - so a chance to run.....

## CHORUS

When I gets out in "No-Mans-Land"..... I can't be both-ered with no Mule..... I

wants to fight for Un - cle Sam..... but you know a mule's a fool..... } Sup -  
I

pose that mule should balk out on the fir - in' line I know I'd have to leave him man-y mules be-hind  
if the cap-tain shout-ed to us "Boys re-treat" I want to be a-stand-in' on my own two feet } When  
hear they calls an av - i - at - or Man an "ACE" But if he flies near "Maud" they'll have to fill his place

I gets out in "No-Mans-Land"..... I can't be both-ered with no Mule. When Mule.....

When I gets out - 2

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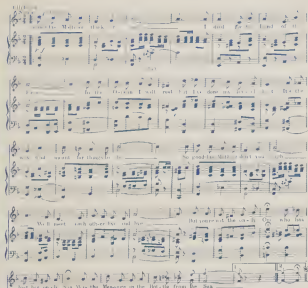
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WORDS & MUSIC BY

Will E. Skidmore & Clyde Hooper



## THE MESSAGE IN THE BOTTLE FROM THE SEA

RECITATION (To be used during second chorus)

By MR. WALTER HIRSCH

There's a million Mothers like her who have Sailor Boys at Sea.  
Those whose smiles are hiding heartaches while they're waiting  
Every Mother like her son, is a Patriot, each one. (anxiously)  
For she gave him to his Country willingly (Until one day)  
Just like a bolt of thunder from the clearest Summer Sky,  
The word comes, he'll return no more, and tells her not to cry.

(Sung) FOR YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES  
GIVING UP THEIR ONLY SONS

Was the Message In the Bottle From the Sea.

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